

# HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

NUMBER 42.

**THIS SPACE**  
IS RESERVED FOR  
**L. & G. STRAUS,**  
**LEADING**  
**CLOTHIERS,**  
Opposite Phoenix Hotel,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

## MASTER COMMISSIONER.

Opinion of Some of Our Newspaper Friends in Regard to That Officer for Wolfe.

From the Louisville Post.]

A Good Man.

Democrats throughout the State will be rejoiced to hear that Judge Redwine will appoint Mr. Spencer Cooper Master Commissioner for Wolfe county. Mr. Cooper has done faithful and effective work for the Democratic party. His paper has been a tower of strength in the section surrounding Wolfe county. He has never failed in his devotion to Democratic interests. He has done so much hard work for the party and received as little reward for his services as any Democrat in Kentucky, and there will be general rejoicing all around that Mr. Cooper will get something more valuable than promises and praise for his labors in behalf of Democracy.

It was largely his work enabled to overcome the Republican majority in the district and he will do a wise as well as a handsome thing in giving this office to the accomplished editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

From the Courier-Journal.]

Reports from Wolfe county that Circuit Judge D. B. Redwine will appoint Mr. Spencer Cooper Master Commissioner in that county ought to be true, considering the worth and deserts of that gentleman. As editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD Mr. Cooper has fought the fight of Democracy with courage and skill in a part of the State where Democrats are needed. For seven years Mr. Cooper has stood to his work in the mountains and has not only made his paper a good gatherer of news but a vigorous propagandist of Democratic doctrine. Democratic editors get little enough of the crumbs from the tables which they held to spread for others, and when any little plum starts their way, its safe arrival at the proper destination is sure to give satisfaction. Mr. Cooper, moreover, is one of that class that ought to be dear to the Democratic heart—an ex-Union soldier whose Democracy is sure to be a matter of principle.

From the Winchester Democrat.]

Spencer Cooper, of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, is an applicant for Master Commissioner of his county, and we hope he will get it. We were much interested in the race made by Judge Redwine and his success was in a great measure due to the gallant fight made by THE HERALD in his behalf. By its bold stand, Bro. Cooper aroused the personal antagonism of Judge Lilly's powerful friends and followers, and Judge Redwine can hardly do less than to give him the desired place. The Democratic party of that section owes much to THE HERALD, and it is but just and right that its magnificent work should be recognized. To the outsider whose sole idea is to see the boys in the trenches receive the rewards of victory, it seems that Cooper is fairly entitled to the position.

From the Winchester Sun.]

Spencer Cooper, the presiding genius of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, is an applicant for the office of Master Commissioner of the Wolfe County Circuit Court, and he ought to have it. No man in all that region of country did more for Judge Redwine than did the talented editor of the HERALD, and he is deserving at least of this small reward. He is entirely competent, and we cannot doubt that his appointment would give complete satisfaction.

From the Clay City Chronicle.]

The editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD wants to be Master Commissioner of the Wolfe County Circuit Court. As there is nothing too good for a "print" he ought to receive the plum.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Capt. D. J. Pendleton, of Clark, furnishes the following rule for measuring hay in the stack: "As I am so often asked by persons who buy and sell hay, in regard to my rule for measuring and calculating the contents of hay in stack, if you will give a little space in your paper, I will give in brief terms my rule. Take the perpendicular height of the stack in yards, by using a rectangular standard. Measure the circumference of the stack at the bottom in yards, and calculate from that the diameter of same. Square the diameter and multiply it by  $\frac{1}{3}$  one-third of the perpendicular height. If the stack has been standing from 3 to 6 months, then multiply the foregoing product by .0524, which will give the tons in the stack. If the stack has been standing from 6 to 9 months, multiply by .0542. If the stack has been standing from 9 to 12 months, multiply by .0561."

New York proposes to add \$300,000 to the sum already appropriated for the World's Fair exhibit. Yet Kentucky, with so much to show, is higgling over \$100,000. Surely our Legislature will no longer hesitate to pass the law giving this money. There never was so universal a demand for financial legislation. Upon what good grounds can the Legislature hesitate when the taxpayers are urging this grant? We have had enough talking and dodging. Meet the issue squarely, and either pass the act or publish that the State has neither public spirit nor pride. There is no opposition anywhere to this donation, and there can be no satisfactory reason for refusing to longer meet the popular demand.

When Mr. Carlisle goes into the Cabinet, Gov. Brown, ex-Governor Knott, ex-Gov. McCraw, ex-Gov. Buckner, ex-Chief Justice Lindsay, ex-Chairman Castelman, National Committeeman Sherley and Congressman Stone and Goodnight are going to the Senate; Harry Gorin, of Warren; John Hendrick, of Lexington; Owens, of Scott, and Bronston and Mulligan, of Fayette, are going to Congress, and Mitch Alford, of Middleborough, will become Governor. When the setting up of a single brick will thus set up a whole row of bricks, it would be heartless cruelty in the lump of clay in the first part to refuse to sit. Of course, Carlisle goes into the Cabinet.—Louisville Times.

In striking contrast to the stinginess of the State unaided Mr. Gould is the liberality of Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire. It is announced that he has given an additional million dollars to his former munificent sums for the endowment fund of the Chicago University, which promises to be the most extensive institution of the kind in the world. The total amount now given by Mr. Rockefeller to this institution is \$3,000,000. He has also been very liberal in his contributions to the Baptists, of which denomination he is a consistent member.—Covington Commonwealth.

The powers that be at present in South Carolina have passed a bill heavily taxing banks and corporations. In retaliation the banks are reducing their taxable property by a novel method. The National Bank of Newberry has declared a dividend of 50 per cent, thus reducing their surplus by about \$75,000, and other banks will follow their example. It is believed that all corporations in the State will greatly reduce their capital stock.—Covington Commonwealth.

It has been agreed among all the Senators in the city that, in the future, Senator Wortham shall be called upon to make all motions to adjourn that body. Mr. Gov. Alford certifies that the Senator from Grayson can and does move to adjourn with more grace and real effort than any other member of the Senate, a fact which was demonstrated when that body resembled last Monday.—Frankfort Capital.

## HE HAD THE PEDIGREE.

A Pedigree That Was Gotten Up On the Best Blood Lines.

A man by the name of Holden, of Cincinnati, wanted to sell a Winchester. The Kentucky man wanted to see the pedigree of the horse. Holden showed it to him. Here is the pedigree:

Bay Horse, Blue Grass, foaled in 1867; sire Black Sampson, dam Young Phyllis; Black Sampson by Bessieplate dam Lady Wasey, Young Phyllis by Blue Jeans, dam Mattie J.; Mattie J. by Cyclone Wilkes, dam Miss Tormentor; Miss Tormentor by Tuscarora II, dam Ada V.; Bessieplate by Frank, dam Jellie by Bucephalus by Sir William, dam Eulalia.

The Kentuckian didn't say a word when he finished reading the list of ancestral dignitaries, for he was speechless.

"Who gave you this?" he asked, as soon as he could articulate.

"A gentleman by the name of Oliver, in Winchester—Jim Oliver, I think they called him," replied the glibest Buckeye. "I bought the horse from another man, and Mr. Oliver made the pedigree out for me afterward. Why? Isn't it all right?"

"Oh yes," said the Kentuckian, "Oh yes." It's one of the most remarkable pedigrees our State can furnish.

Something in the Kentuckian's tone worried Davis.

"Here," he said, "there's something wrong with that. Tell me what it is."

"Well, I'll tell you if you'll set up a bottle of champagne."

The Cincinnati agreed, and the Kentuckian took the list and ran over it.

"There is nothing the matter with the name of your horse," said he. "Indeed, Blue Grass is a very good name for a horse; but Black Sampson is, or was when he was living, a jackass; Young Phyllis was a shorthorn cow; Bessieplate was a shorthorn bull; Lady Wasey was a famous saddle mare; Blue Jeans was a famous saddle horse; Mattie J. is a pacing mare; Cyclone Wilkes is a trotting stallion, owned in Bourbon county; Miss Tormentor was a Jersey cow; Tuscarora II is a gray mule down on Four mile; Ada V. is a steamboat on the Kentucky River; Frank is a yellow dog in Simpson's livery stable; Jellie is an old mare mule in one of Brown's conarts; Bucephalus is a gelding they drive to the Winchester horse show; Prince of Wales, Berkshire cow; Sir William is Rodney Haggard's goat, and Eulalia is one of Dr. Wash Miller's Southdown ewes.

The Kentuckian took a long breath and the Cincinnati took a lot of short ones in rapid succession.

"Well, I'll be d—d," he said slowly and went right away with the Kentuckian to the nearest place where they could get a bottle, and he remarked with the air of a man finding out something.

"You can't most always tell about a pedigree by the way it looks on paper, can you?" and the Kentuckian shook his head gravely.

Although the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wyoming was elected by a small majority of 1,781, he was forced to carry his election at the polls and again in the Courts before his Republican predecessor would turn the office over to him. The Supreme Court issued a peremptory mandamus Saturday requiring the State canvassers to count the vote as cast and returned, and thus enabled the legally elected Governor to assume his position, and also relieve all doubts as to the political complexion of the Legislature. It will be Democratic by three majority and a Democratic U. S. Senator will follow.—Danville Advocate.

The meanest of all dead beats is the fellow who takes the newspaper three or four years, and when requested to pay takes refuge behind a plea that he ordered a discontinuance. That's simple plain, old fashioned stealing, and there is lots of it done.—Cynthians Democrat.

## "Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp. THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over \$4,000 of varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

**"The Rochester."**

**JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10**

Mr. J. I. Carr, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) Racine, Wis., says: "After trying every known remedy, I received a large bottle of QUINN'S OINTMENT, and it was just what I needed. I have used it with three applications of it. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

**QUINN'S OINTMENT.**

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, 50c per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, order on the Standard Oil Co., W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

**TRY IT**

## Furniture, Carpets and Rugs!

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY! Men are talking about who shall be the next President, Tariff Reform, &c., but the ladies are talking of the Fine Furniture and how cheap they can get it from

Geo. W. Robinson, . . . Campton, Ky.

I have just added to my stock of General Merchandise the largest and most complete line of Furniture ever brought to this country, and will make prices as low as can be had at Winchester or Lexington. No chance and no goods sold at prices before buying elsewhere. Truly yours, GEO. W. ROBINSON.







# The Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Editor



**HAZEL GREEN, KY.: FRIDAY, Jan. 13, 1893.**

## CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

H. C. EVANS, of Chattanooga, has just been appointed First Assistant Postmaster General.

THE Danville Advocate is now published as a tri-weekly, and is one of the spiciest exchanges that reaches our sanctuary.

JOHN G. CARLISLE will certainly accept the Secretary of the Treasury, is the last news we have from Washington, and it seems authentic enough. Who will be his successor?

Our newspaper friends who have recently manifested an interest in our preformer for the position of Master Commissioner will ever be gratefully remembered. Such little tokens of kindness make us feel that life is still worth living.

JOHN M. ATIERTON, the big whiskey man, it is now understood will be a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Carlisle. But Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge should be the man, if he wants it. If not, Judge Wm. Lindsay or some other good man should have it.

THE probable acceptance of the Treasury portfolio by Senator John G. Carlisle, brings to the front the fact that but three Kentuckians have heretofore been so honored. They were George M. Bibb, under President Tyler, James Guthrie, under Pierce, and Gen. Bristow, under Grant.

THE serious illness of James G. Blaine is again reported from Washington, and with the last report comes the announcement that his intimate family no longer hope for his recovery. A close personal friend of the sick man says, "Mr. Blaine has not had a connected thought for thirty days past." He thinks the end is near, and says the patient long since realized it, when he sent for Dr. I. S. Himm, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. The minister prayed by his bedside, and has since visited the sick room several times. A nation hourly watches anxiously for news, and the hearts of 60,000 people throb in sympathy with the distinguished sufferer.

THE news reached Louisville the latter part of last week that Wm. H. Pope, the defaulting teller of the Louisville City National Bank, was under arrest at Sturke, Fla. The vice-president of the bank and Detective Daily at once left for the place, where they had a long talk with the man. He resembled the man they wanted, in many particulars, but was not Pope. The gentlemen at once returned to Louisville, and a very significant circumstance is that the bank officials withdrew the reward of \$2,000 offered for the fugitive's arrest. Is he the man after all, and is the bank working a scheme to beat the orange-land sheriff out of his reward? The suddenness with which the reward was withdrawn is a little peculiar, to say the least. Pope got away with about \$70,000 three years ago, and if the Florida flud is not him he is still at large and maybe spending his wealth in some sunny clime.

## COUNTY AND NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

LEE CITY, Wolfe county, Jan. 9.—Mrs. Mahala Elam, near this place, who passed away from this life last Thursday evening leaves a host of friends to mourn her loss.

The engine of the steam mill at this place, that was taken to Maytown to be repaired, has been returned and will be ready again this week for business.

By the way, some of our boys is a "twine" to get 'em one a piece. You had better bet they don't want anything said about 'em.

John Tolson who has been a long sufferer died last week. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss.

"Good old Joe" goes into the mill business here this morning.

William Holiday, of White Oak, is visiting at this place.

Rev. W. L. Lacy preached here Saturday and Sunday.

Logan Lindon opened a select school here this morning. By ANN BY.

## GRASSY (MORGAN COUNTY) ORISTS.

GRASSY CREEK, Jan. 9.—Married—On Dec. 22nd, Harbert Nickell to Miss Ella Gillespie. Attendants were John E. Nickell and Ellen Caskey. Rev. Isaac Murphy officiated. May they live long and be happy and may their pathway ever be strewn with flowers.

Died—At her residence on Blackwater Morgan county Jan. 7th, Mrs. Susan Mannin, aged 100 years and some days. Aunt Sooky, as she was familiarly known, was loved by all who knew her.

Tom Roberts, living on Cay, had the misfortune in the last week, to get his house burned and all its contents and \$300 in money. The house was insured for \$700.

Rev. W. L. Gevedon and others have been holding quite a protracted meeting on the Long branch for the past two weeks. Let the good work go on.

Frank Havens, of Omer, is on the sick list at his father-in-law's, Calvin Stamper's, near this place.

Died—On the 5th inst., at the residence of Samuel Cecil, Golda Florence Henry, of Omer.

Caleb Williams has been employed as clerk in the store of Goodpaster & Stamper at this place.

Miss Ellen Williams, of this place, is visiting friends and relatives on Cay.

Born—To the wife of Cyrus Perry, a girl. BY BEN BEE.

## ST. HELENS SAYINGS.

ST. HELENS, Lee county, Jan. 9.—Circuit court is in session at Beattyville. The grand jury found an indictment of murder against Grant Godfrey and Jim Scrivner (col.) for the killing of D. B. Word (col.), at Beattyville some time since. Godfrey has been tried and sentenced for life in the State prison. The trial of Scrivner will commence this week.

W. H. Simms and lady gave a nice turkey dinner last Sunday. Quite a number of our towns folk were invited, including your correspondent, but owing to the inclemency of the weather we could not attend.

In an article some time ago we stated that Miss Lizzie McEwan was engaged to teach school here. We have learned since that Miss Pattie Wilson is going to teach.

H. C. Duff (Potter) of Cherties, Perry county, was in our midst last week en route to Beattyville to attend court.

Tom Maupin was fined \$50 for Sabbath breaking last week, and Jack Duragan was fined \$75 for concealed weapons.

D. B. Hobbs has just returned from Frankfort, where he has been as a witness in court.

Thomas Bush killed a large wildcat at Gray Bend last week.

The Kentucky river has been froze over for several days. LORNA

## A Wonderful Success.

Mr. C. E. Griffin a prominent horse-man who resides at Minetto, N. Y., writes as follows. "About three months ago I sent to you for a trial box of Quinn's Ointment. After applying according to directions, I found that it had stopped the growth and killed a bone spavin on a two year old colt. Furthermore the mildness of this remedy is highly remarkable and for removing hunches and other blemishes, Quinn's Ointment is the best preparation I know of." Horsemen who desire a wonderful success for removing blemishes should use Quinn's Ointment. Trial box will be sent upon receipt of 25 cents silver or stamps. Regular size \$1.50 delivered. Address—B. Eddy & Co., Whitehall, N. Y., unless you can obtain from your druggist.—For sale by Rose & Jones.

## A Letter From A Prominent Louisville Banker.

LOUISVILLE KY. April 22, 1892.—Messrs. Dukes & Webb, Fourth and Jefferson, City, Gentlemen:—I seldom use my Electropole now, for the reason that I have lately requirement for it, but occasionally try it with good effect in maintaining normal vitality. Three years ago, when I first tried it, I was a good deal worn down by close application and overwork, and I believed that, as I do now, that it was a positive service to me. Very respectfully, J. H. LINDENBERGER, Pres. Merchants Nat. Bank.

60 page book free.

## BLURT AGAIN BLURTS, And Tells of Strange Things He Saw In a Vision.

EEKS, Jan. 9.—Moreover the spirit of American politics continued to instruct me, and in the last days of the reign of Ben, the Omega, while I lay upon my couch in the night time I saw in a vision, a great and turbulent river with foaming waves rolling high and roaring with a great noise, and its course was through the whole earth, and I said what is meant by the river? And the spirit said, it was peoples and nations striving for rule, and I heard a noise on the north side of the river and I looked and saw a creature of great size come up out of the water on to the dry land having the body of a porcupine and the head and neck of a goose. The spikes on the body were of very great length and size, and I was afraid of the monster, but the spirit said it was not afraid for the creature cannot find you as it is blind. And I said what is it, and why is it blind? And the spirit said it's name is Republicanism. Just then I saw a man among the spikes of the creature and he was pushing the spikes to still greater length and the creature wiggled and grunted much, and the man's face glowed like new tin, and he rebuked the creature and spoke great wailing words, saying you must heat it, and after two years you will see the beauty of it. And I said who is the man and what is these quills or spikes for? And the spirit said the man is Billy McKinley, and he is using the spikes for protection, and as for the eyes being out, the creature made war in 1890 with a Democratic rooster and the rooster spurred him in the left eye putting it out. Then in 1892, at Chicago the monster attempted to put tariff salt on the rooster's tail, that he might get him, but the rooster let him have it in the other eye. So the creature seeketh some one to lead him, but findeth him not. And I noticed that the head and bill of the creature was the embodiment of great strength and force, and the bill all the time pointed toward the north like the needle of a compass, and I said why is this? and the spirit said because there is no attraction in the south for a force bill. Then the monster seemed to be very sick, even sick unto death, and it stretched its neck out on the ground and I saw a lump come up in its neck, and at once its appearance was like a serpent when he hath swallowed a toad. And presently the creature spewed up a man who wiggled about in the short short time and gave up the ghost and I said who is the man and what was the matter? And the spirit said that is Ethan Spike. He proved to be a hypocrite as sometimes he claimed to be a Republican, at other times a Democrat from Spoonerville. He also gave out that him self was some great one, and deceived many, and on account of his political gossiping the people called him Ethan the "Quintance." Such characters are indigestible. Remember Jonah. Then I saw some People's party folks carrying farming tools, such as axes, scythes, hoes, &c., and they were cutting them out of it's head and neck close to the body. They also cut off all the quills or spikes, feet and tail, and when it was finished it very much resembled an egg. In fact they considered it as such, and they prepared a great nest (platform) and rolled the egg into it and sent for Weaver the "Oologist" to hatch the egg. But when he came he was too small to fit the nest and do the egg justice. Now you know these folks have a knack at making a great spread over their doings, so they thought they were small to fit the nest and do the egg justice. With political gasp (it) he was the required size, and he entered upon his task. It will require about four years to hatch the egg. They will then select a name for their new creature of destiny.

## BLURT.

## Hazel Green Academy

The School resumes work on

Monday, January 2, 1893.

Many new pupils will enroll then, and that is the best time to enter, as the daily schedule will be changed. Do not wait until the beginning of the third term, January 23rd.

Our departments are all complete. Our Teachers' Course is the best in Eastern Kentucky.

Our Business Course is the best to be found outside of regular business colleges, and the rates of tuition are much less, only \$2 per month, and you can take any other studies you may desire, without extra cost.

Boarding at Hazel Green Academy \$2 per week.

Tuition \$2 per month.

Musical (instrumental) 50c; (vocal) 25c, a lesson.

WM. H. GORD, Principal.

SIGHT IS PRICELESS.

And all who would retain it should consult

OTIS W. SNYDER,

DEALER IN

SPECTACLES,

DIAMONDS,

JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

NORTH UPPER STREET,

LEXINGTON, KY.

See The best oculist in the State is with this house, and prices on everything the lowest. Call on him when in Lexington.

## PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Horse Stock!

—(TO CLOSE PARTNERSHIP)—

On Wednesday, February 15th, 1893.

FLOYD DAY, junior member of the firm of J. T. Day & Co., has decided to withdraw from the firm on account of his business engagements at Clay City and other points along the K. U. R. R. The said firm will, therefore, be dissolved by mutual agreement at an early date; or, so soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

All the business of the firm must now be closed up, and, as a first step toward it, we will offer for sale on the above day and date, on the Fair Grounds, in Hazel Green, the following property, to-wit: Our celebrated

## POST BOY & COLD DUST STALLIONS,

And, GEN. JOHN MORGAN,

The best Jack in Kentucky! This stock is known by reputation throughout the mountain and blue-grass counties. Their breeding is second to none. Also,—

- 14 head of 3 and 4 y. o. Mules
- 1 3-year old Post Boy horse.
- 1 1-year old Post Boy filly.
- 1 5-year old fine blooded mare, in foal by Post Boy.
- 1 6-year old fine harness gelding, rich in color, fine style.
- Track Sulkies, Break Carts, Road Carts, Buggies, &c.; Harness, double and single, and all rigging and fixtures necessary in training horses.

It will be remembered that we have done an unlimited crediting business and have a large outstanding debt which must be closed. All parties indebted to us, either by note or account, must call and settle. Those having open accounts are in particular requested to come forward and close them up at once, otherwise we will be forced to place your notes and accounts in the hands of an officer. We now have an overstock of a great many lines of goods, which we will sell for Cash or Produce without regard to original cost, but we can not and will not sell any more goods on time until the business of this firm is closed and the dissolution fully completed.

## TERMS OF SALE.

Will be Twelve (12) months time, with approved security for all sums over (\$25) Twenty-five Dollars; under that amount cash in hand. Respectfully, &c.

J. T. DAY & CO.

## A VALUABLE FARM THE MAYTOWN MILL CO. FOR SALE!

Is running constantly and doing the best work at the lowest price. Special accommodations for customers from a distance. Without detriment to our home trade.

No Bids Offered for Bad Rolls!

We do not make them and have no demand for them in trade.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO.

JEFF. W. W. W. MANKER, Manager.

## COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

## A. HOWARD STAMPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CAMPTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

THE HERALD is only \$1 a year, and new the time to subscribe. Try it.

## Fashionable Dressmaking.

I am now prepared to cut, fit and make dresses and other garments in the latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed and prices reasonable. Also, teach the art of cutting and fitting by chart. Respectfully,

MRS. F. N. DAY.

## J. TAYLOR DAY.

FLOYD DAY.

## J. T. DAY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices

of any house in Eastern Kentucky. Live Stock, Saw Logs, School Claims and Country Produce taken in exchange for goods or on notes and accounts.

## FEDER, SILBERBERG & CO.,

113 & 115 W. Third Street, - CINCINNATI, O.

## WHOLESALE CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS.

Represented by M. F. BRINKLEY.

## NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Send your order.

## JOB PRINTING



# The Herald.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.	
1 inch, 12 months	\$ 7 50
2 inches, " "	12 50
3 inches, " "	15 00
4 inches, " "	18 75
5 inches, " "	22 00
6 inches, " "	25 00

Address SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

Old papers for sale at this office at 20¢ per 100.

The Wolfe Circuit Court will begin on Monday next.

Peter E. Gullett, on Red river, has pneumonia fever.

Geo. W. Nickell, of Lacy Creek, is sick with catarrhal fever.

The next term at the Academy will begin Monday the 23rd.

If you want bargains call on Vic Bloomfield, Winchester, Ky.

Mrs. Ellen Pieratt has our thanks for a "poke" of nice sausage.

Mrs. B. G. Jones, who has been quite ill for sometime, is improving.

Wes. Isom, the colored porter at the Day House, is quite sick with fever.

The twin infant girl of W. W. Ringo and wife, died Wednesday night, Jan. 11th.

Lee Br oks' little girl, Mary, has intermittent fever. Dr. Taulbee is attending her.

Dr. Taulbee reports the birth of a girl, Cox Taulbee, to the wife of Alonzo Clark, of Toliver.

The Hazel Green mill, is now announced, will be ready to do custom grinding Saturday.

Thomas Troy, book-keeper for J. T. Day & Co., leaves today for Clay City and other points.

Mrs. John H. Campbell, who has been sick with rheumatism for a month or more, is improving.

A long letter from Lee City is unavoidably crowded out of this issue but will appear next week.

Rev. James M. Little has moved into town and occupies the property recently vacated by Josh Debusk.

Every county in the mountains should be represented at the Road Convention at Lexington on the 17th inst.

W. T. Swango on Monday had the fine mare shot which crippled herself a few weeks ago. She cost Willie \$125.

Candidates for assessor should avail of the opportunity to announce for \$3. They will never have a better chance.

Alex Lacy, of Lacy Creek, brother of our fellow-townsmen A. P. Lacy, has been quite sick, but at present is much better.

The thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero on Wednesday morning. How is that for this "glorious climate of old Kaintnek."

Mrs. John Howerton has our thanks for a cake of nice complexion or shaving soap, the receipt of which we should have acknowledged some weeks since.

One of our townsmen, Thomas Troy, has called our attention to the fact that it began snowing on Dec. 20th, and since that time we have had snow with us continuously.

E. C. Wells, of Neosho, Mo., who moved from this county a number of years ago, and a brother to Mrs. Lucinda Ingram, who recently moved to Texas, died of heart failure on Wednesday, Jan. 4th.

The attention of our merchants is directed to the advertisement of I. Dingfelder, representing J. M. Robinson & Co., Louisville, Ky. Mr. Dingfelder sends greetings to his many friends in this section, and asks their future favors.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of J. T. Day & Co., to be found in this issue of our paper. To close the partnership they will offer for sale on Feb. 15th, 1893, their two celebrated stallions—Post Boy Jr. and Gold Dust—and Gen. John Morgan, conceded to be the best jack in the State. Besides these there are several other valuable horses, some fine mules, and a lot of training stable equipments. This sale offers a fine opportunity especially to some practical horse trainer, and the right man could make an independent fortune in a short time. To such a man the training barn and track would be rented on easy terms. Both the horses and the jack show fine colts, and any man with a little means and plenty of push could soon establish here a breeding and training establishment equal to any in the State.

From a private letter from Mrs. Eliza Swango, we learn that Mrs. Ava Rosenheim, nee Higginbotham, died at Withville, Va., Dec. 27, 1892, aged 25 years. The deceased was a niece of Mrs. Judge Swango, whom she visited at this place about six years ago, and while here won the love of all our citizens. A short time afterward she married a Mr. Rosenheim, who, with two children, survives her. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, and in all relations of life—wife, mother and neighbor—an exemplary christian. The news of her death will be read here with profound regret, for nearly all of our citizens had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and none knew her but to love her.

The following pupils from a distance have enrolled recently at the Academy: Charles and Morgan French; Charles Welch, Eugene Atkinson, Miss Sallie French and Miss Anna Conlee, Stanton; W. L. Hammond, Hager; D. M. Kestor, Lykins; U. B. and J. D. Allen, White Oak; J. P. Salyer, and J. S. Adams, Lickburg; A. C. Jones, William Stephenson, and Miss Lizzie Tipton, Daysborough; Harden Hurst, Paxton; Henry Murphy and C. F. Kashi, Toliver.

Uncle Joe Aunyx, one of the oldest citizens of our county, and known far and wide as a land surveyor in years gone by, died at his residence in this county, on Saturday morning last, of catarrh of the stomach. We are not informed as to his age, but he was quite an old man, and has been in feeble health for a long time. He leaves a wife and a large family of children, grown, to mourn his death.

This is pretty good: Representative Kendall to the Courier-Journal correspondent—"My part of the State has never had a United States Senator."

"But you are not old enough to take the office."

"Yes. I know that, but I would be by the time I get it," was the gloomy reply.

W. H. Debusk and some of his pupils of Ezel, will render the play "Ruined by Drink" at the Hazel Green Academy on Saturday night the 14th inst. Admission ten cents. Proceeds to be used for the benefit of the school. The play is good and promises to be well rendered. Doors open at 6:30 p. m. Play begins at 7 p. m.

Spencer Cooper, of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, wants to be Master Commissioner of the Wolfe Circuit Court. He did valuable service for Judge Redwine, and if the Judge was inclined to another, his sense of gratitude would lead him to the appointment of Mr. Cooper—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

Those people who like to save money, and who is it that does not, will be delighted to hear that Vic Bloomfield, the wide-awake Winchester merchant, is now selling men's, boy's, and children's clothing, shoes, etc., cheaper than ever before heard of.

Daniel James, wife and child, who were visiting relatives and friends here, and left last week for home, are now at Mt. Sterling. Mrs. James and the baby have measles and are under the treatment of Dr. Brock Taulbee.

John Pieratt gives the following as the census of our town: Population, 301; hogs, 132; sheep, 80; cattle, 83; horses and mules, 94; dogs, 42.

## STATE NEWS.

Gustavus Renabaw, a farmer of Christian county, was killed Monday by the limb of a falling tree.

The two-year-old daughter of Henry Eggleston was burned to death at Lexington by its clothing igniting at a grate fire.

Belle Sutherland, Colosse, Spencer county, has the distinction of being the first postmaster appointed for Kentucky in 1893.

John S. Harrison, of Chicago, will have to stand trial at Covington for the murder of Harry McGreevy while on a spree.

Ermine, 2:13½, sold at Lexington Monday for \$7,700. The 48 head sold brought \$31,085; average \$648. Our mountain farmers should raise trotters.

The destruction at Covington, Newport and Cincinnati to the shipping interests amounts to \$500,000. Tons of floating ice sunk boats, barges and coal fleets as if they were egg-shells.

Wm. J. Stone, the new Governor of Missouri, like his predecessor, Gov. Dave Francis, is a native Kentuckian, and so is Claude Matthews, the Governor of Indiana. It is unnecessary to note that both are Democrats.

A Distant Friend.

GATESVILLE, TEXAS, Jan. 4.—MR. SPENCER COOPER, editor of the HERALD: Please enclose \$1 for your valuable paper for one year. I have taken your paper three years. I had rather read my old home paper than all the papers printed in the Lone Star State. With success to THE HERALD and its readers. R. C. LYKINS.



SEEK DAY WATCHES, JEWELRY and SPECTACLES of me. I will furnish you honest goods as cheap as you can buy them anywhere. Respectfully,  
**T. F. CARR, JEWELER,**  
EZEL, KENTUCKY.

**WE WILL PAY**

**The Highest**

**MARKET PRICES**

**FOR FURS**

**AND SKINS**

**OF ALL KINDS.**

Come on with your  
Skins and get your  
Money.

Office: Near C. & O. Depot.

**E. RENAKER & CO.**  
WINCHESTER, KY.

**WM. B. LOCAN,**  
Druggist and Bookseller,  
WINCHESTER, KY.

Mail orders promptly attended to, and your patronage is desired. Call when in the city. 423, 424.

**TABLER'S PILE**  
**BUCKEYE**  
**+ OINTMENT +**  
**CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.**

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE  
known for 18 years as the BEST  
READY FOR PILES.

Prepared by **REIDBURN-RAYSON MED. CO.,** OF LOUISVILLE.  
**DR. J. F. LOCKHART,**  
**DENTIST,**  
EZEL, KY.


# ANOTHER BIG CUT IN PRICES.

I have a few goods left from E. C. Curry's stock, which I purchased from the Assignee.

## PRICES ARE NO OBJECT!

Bal. left of E. & W. Collars,—Curry's Price, \$ .25—Our Price, \$ .75	
Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, " " " .75 " " " .49	
" " Laundered " " " 1.25 " " " .75	
Children's Shirts Waists, " " " .35 " " " .08	
Men's Night Shirts " " " 1.25 " " " .65	
Men's Youman Stiff Hats, " " " 5.00 " " " 2.75	
Men's Fur Hats, " " " 2.00 " " " 1.25	
Men's Soft Hats, " " " 1.50 " " " .98	
Men's Crusher Hats, " " " .75 " " " .48	

Men's Cape Overcoats " " " \$15.00—Our Price, \$8.50	
" " " " " 10.00 " " " 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Chinchilla Overcoats, " " " 12.50—Cut in Two, 6.50	
Men's All-Wool Kersey Overcoats, " " " 15.00 " " " 7.50	
Boy's Overcoats, 5, 6, 7 and 10 yrs. old, " " " 3.00 " " " 1.50	
Men's Fine Suits, " " " 25.00 " " " 15.00	
Men's Fine Suits, " " " 15.00 " " " 8.50	
Our Men's Fine Shoes " " " 5.00 " " " 3.95	
" " " " " 3.00 " " " 1.95	
" " " " " 2.50 " " " 1.25	

 This grand sale will last until every dollar's worth is sold. Come early, before the rush. You will make big money by buying now.

**VIC BLOOMFIELD,**  
**LEADING CLOTHIER,**  
White Front, next door to Clark County Bank, WINCHESTER, KY.

## LADIES' CLOAKS AT COST!

**ROSE & JONES,**  
OF HAZEL GREEN,  
THANKFUL for the patronage of the past and hoping to still further merit your favors, wish you and yours, "A happy, happy new year," and at the same time desire to announce that Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks, Gents' Winter Clothing, etc., are being closed out this month

**AT COST, FOR THE CASH.**

This is the best opportunity you have ever had to buy reasonable goods at low prices.

**GREEN, HUFFAKER & CO.,**  
**WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.**

HAZEL GREEN, Ky., May 10, 1892.  
To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green:  
We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are prepared at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c.,  
**J. T. DAY & CO.,**  
Represented by ED. GREEN. Hazel Green, Ky.

**GRAND OPENING**  
— AT THE —  
**ENGLISH KITCHEN**  
No. 12, W. Short St., : Lexington, Ky.  
Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chicken and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.  
**CUS LUIGANT, Proprietor.**

**FIRST-CLASS : JOB : PRINTING**  
At this office at second class rates. Give us a call when you want printing and save money. REFERENCE—Any and everybody we have done work for in the past.

# Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, I I I KY.

## BECKY'S QUERY.

Dear grandmammas, when you were young, did you ever have a cousin?

Did you feel sure when you were young, or did you feel it slowly come?

Did grandpa give you roses fair? To deck your gown, or twine your hair?

Did everybody whisper: "There! The man has come a-courting!"

How did you know, dear grandmammas, when you were young, when grandpa came a-courting?

When grandpa came a-courting? And when you chose all the best?

What did you do with all the rest? Were they not terribly distinct?

Came grandpa come a-courting?

How wise, dear grandmammas, were you, when grandpa came a-courting?

Suppose I had a lover, too—Of course it is not truly true—

Whichever, ever yours is I do—If or one come a-courting!

—Merry O. Simmons, in Boston Budget.



BY T. C. DE LEON.

(Copyright, 1911, by T. C. De Leon, and Published by Special Arrangement.)

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"And I only reason," Miss Clay came to the rescue, "that the general would not have let me come, unwarned, had he really looked for a raid from the river."

"When did this scout Capers come in?" the Carolinian asked, suddenly.

"Yesterday at six, sir," Fannitleroy answered.

"And your pass is dated yesterday," Miss Clay, the girl replied.

"I got it at noon," the girl answered, adding quickly, as though to avoid shadow of suspicion of her hero: "The general was not in camp when we left. He and his chief rode off with Capers an hour after his return."

"The snow was beginning to fall more rapidly now,—though not yet a decided storm. They came suddenly round a bend in the road; one misty shadow crossed the gray-green haze before them;—a sudden change of arms,—and the officer spurred ahead as the challenge rang out. Greene bent over his horse's neck, quickly replied to the sergeant, and next moment the little party was galloping by, the flutes falling crisp and cold, but more rapidly now, and Evan, soldier-like, again dropping to the rear."

"What sort of horse did General Stanton ride?" Greene asked, suddenly, breaking silence.

"A heavy chestnut with white mane and tail," Miss Clay answered.

"And the chief of staff rode a big bay," the Carolinian added. "Those horses were in front of Gen. Hampton's column when I went for final instructions from Col. Fraser, that morning."

"Ferry," he turned in his saddle as the scout drew up, spending less familiarly, and with authority in the tone, "a half-mile beyond is my advance post. How many miles further lies your 'Ferry'?"

"Seven, sir," the scout replied, promptly.

"Until not an hour's spin. Keep your eyes about you, then. There may be strangers on the road and Miss Clay will prefer not to meet."

"All right, sir," Evan replied, confidently. "We both have good eyes, know every foot of the road, and both horses have good wind. We're as good at running as at fighting, sir. But thank you all the same."

And again the scout fell to the rear; and the silence of night was unbroken, save by fitful gusts of river wind that crackled the leafless trees. So, for several minutes, the two, dashed ahead, the ground rising into higher bluffs, and the road widening as the woods opened more.

And then, as the river party gained freer play about the chilled riders it sent the snowflakes about their heads softer, larger and in dizzier whirl, coating the ground lightly, though not enough to smother the hoofs ringing in unison on the hard clay.

"Pull up!" the officer cried, suddenly; and, as the other horses fell into slow canon at the command, he touched his own with the spur and turned from the open road into a clump of trees on the hilltop. The quick ears behind him caught the ring of arms brought to a "ready," then quickly back to a "carry."

As he recognized the "ready," he said to Fannitleroy, "But I'll ride a bit further with you, Miss Clay, and take a look up the road."

On again in silence for one mile—two—three. Then the Carolinian, with evident reluctance, drew rein.

"I can go no further," he said. "Good-by, Miss Clay; and God speed your mission! I only hope I may be again on picket when you come back with the medicines and—"

He paused an instant, adding, significantly—"the news. Good-by, Mr. Fannitleroy, and good luck to you!" Then, with a parting grasp of the hand to each, the officer wheeled his horse and galloped back, as the venture came sped away, far beyond the Confederate lines.

## CHAPTER II.

A BATH FOR FREEDOM.

"That's a soldier and a gentleman, Cousin Caro," Evan said, as they spun along. "Good taste, too, hasn't he? For my word he seemed hard but he's in the dark, too!" And the light-hearted fellow laughed, as though war were not and enemies were thought of only in the fairy tale.

"Don't be a goose, Evan!" Miss Clay retorted, half amused in spite of her anxiety. "And don't make such a noise. What a boy you are! Do you know," she added, seriously, "an really worried about this news?"

If Gen. Job had only been in camp! Oh, Evan, should I miss that boat to-night, Fairfax maybe before I can get over and back! And poor mother! You know how worn and nervous she is with nursing and anxiety. Should she chance to hear of Yankees on the road, her fears would conjure up capture, prison—worse—for me!"

"Why, our way's the use of borrowing trouble? See that fork away to the left? That is but three miles to 'the Ferry' and the horses are as fresh as 'twine'."

"What is that glow over by the river, to the right? No, there," Miss Clay broke in, pointing impatiently.

A faint, pinkish glow showed dimly through the whirling snowflakes—a steady glow, rather than a light. The scout gazed steadily in the direction awhile, then answered, placidly:

"Northern lights, maybe; but I'm no dab at astronomy. Seems pretty low, though. Perhaps there's brush afire in that bit."

"It is a fire," the girl replied. "See! It expands and falls. Evan, can't it be a campfire?"

"Not much!" he answered, lightly. "We're way beyond our lines and surely no Yankees could camp so near them without our scouts' knowledge. By Jove, Cousin Caro, I really believe the legion has been in the neighborhood."

"Caution and nervousness are not akin, as an older soldier would know," Miss Clay retorted, rather coldly. "I have too much at stake to risk any danger. Perhaps you're right, I must get to Baltimore to-morrow."

"And so you shall, my dear, brave girl!" the boy answered, confidently. "See! That open hilltop just beyond? From that vantage the last fork of this trail—good road and a short mile down hill—to 'the Ferry.' It can't be much past midnight; and old Pete has orders to wait till the very last minute he dares, before dawn. Bruce up, and you've been over this same trail three times!"

"And never felt a shadow of doubt before," she interrupted, adding, with a sigh that would come "It is because I have so much to be at stake than ever before. But it is nearly over, thank God!"

The bounding horses breasted the hill bravely and reached the open crest. An easy slope led away into a broad, white road, now well carpeted with winter's wool. Just at its foot a narrow belt of trees stretched away to the left, leaving the black river plainly visible from the bold bluffs to the right, and through those trees cut a narrow road, dark and dimmed through the broader gleam of the snow haze, now scarce less light than day.

"There! Killee fork—just one mile to the landing!" cried the scout, as they raced at speed down the sandy slope and straight to the river crossing. The hoofbeats ringing no longer, but thudding dull on the dampened sand.

Suddenly with one impulse both riders wrenched their horses' mouths so fiercely as to bring them almost to their halts. Then both sat like statues, their necks strained forward, ears bent eagerly towards the woods road, just ahead. In the dead stillness, the deep

breathing of the steaming horses was the only sound, save, then, the quick beating of their own hearts.

So, for seconds that seemed ages. Then the scout whispered low, as though in answer to a question:

"Yes, hoofs! 'Shah'—clank of sabers! Quick! Into the trees! Quick! to safety!"

Both horses were turned simultaneously into the screen of trees, well back from the gleam of the open road; and Evan Fannitleroy, placing himself between the girl and the approaching soldiers, leaned from his saddle, straightened her bridle, felt the reins' bit, and gently stroked his great neck. Then he rose in his stirrups, stretching the cold-armor out of his legs, braced himself afresh in the saddle, and tested the chamber of the big revolver drawn from his holster.

"PULL UP!" THE OFFICER CRIED, suddenly.

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The tramp of hoofs was now plainly heard, cut by the clank of sabers—perhaps five or six—perhaps a score.

"Cavalry!" the scout whispered to the girl. "Probably our scouts; possibly—"

He hesitated only a second; but she calmly finished for him:

"Averitts! If so, which way?"

"If they're Yankees, they are feeling for a ride," Evan whispered back. "They'll go out, over the road we came. We can cut through the woods road and dodge them in the bottom—"

"No! If they pass us, straight for 'the Ferry'!" the girl's whisper was calm, but its clear, bell-like ring carried command not to be gainsaid.

"The Ferry," then, if they pass us," the man replied, adding, quietly: "Put up that thing." He noted the motion of her hand, testing the chamber of a pistol; and by the gleam of white skin he dimly saw, that she had drawn the gauntlet from her pistol hand.

But that, I say. If they be Yankees, this is a case of run, not fight! Listen; for time is short! The hoofs were

plainly heard now, a dozen horses trotting slowly towards them, a dozen sabers jingling merrily against their harness. Listen, and remember. If they see us, cut straight through these woods for the trail they're on now. Follow it straight south, till you strike a rock fence jump, that and you're in an orchard, where Blazer can distance any cavalry horse any Yankee owns. If I lose you in the dark woods, ride to the niggers' hut across the field and turn Blazer loose. Tell Isham, the old nigger, that Evan said to him: you all get by and save to get to the Ferry at night. You understand?"

"I do perfectly," the girl replied, still quietly. "You mean to fight them while I lead them?"

All this was quickly spoken, in whispers, but clearly distinct on either side. The approaching horses had turned into the sandy road, trotting east towards them, the sundried grasses rustled under their hooves. Evan was silent. He had counted Carolyn Clay's will before, and knew its strength. Then he whispered:

"There's a chance in the whisper that came back to him:

"I promise!"

The stillness of death hung over that little belt of woods. Side by side the southern soldier and the southern girl sat like statues, each with eyes and ears alert and with firm hand upon the reins. Like statues the horses stood, their sides scarce heaving now, but with forward-piercing eyes, cognizant of some danger that might come. And in that stillness the rustle of snow-flake upon crisp leaf was sharp and clear.

Hoofbeats fell dim and slow of the little sound, the sundried grasses rustled under their hooves. Evan was silent. He had counted Carolyn Clay's will before, and knew its strength. Then he whispered:

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commander that his prey had been so near and—misled!

Then the southern woman—like all her sisters, forgetful of danger, of self, of all save her love's labor—whispered: "Thank God! we can make 'the Ferry' now."

And in answer, clear and shrill and loud from the road beyond echoed the neigh of a horse, and ere Evan's quick half-bent about his horse, a muzzle the roan had answered fall and strong.

No time to lose now! One chance, and only one!

"Quick! the woods road! Remember: south—the stump fence—old Isham! Quick! for yourself—for little Fairfax!"

And in echo came from the road:

"Halt! Light about! Forward—Trot! Maudie!"

Instantly the girl wheeled her horse, trotting nimbly between trees for the narrow road—the reversed scolding party moving fast towards them, guided by the neigh. Once she turned, ever!

"Come! Evan, you promised!"

And the boy answered, cheerily:

"Go on! Foster—for Fairfax's sake! I'm coming—adding through his teeth:—even I've held them back long enough to save you!"

The thunder of close hoofs was opposite the scout; the federals, now at a charge, strung out as skirmishers along the road to hem in their answer for. Without even a glance he knew that their carriages were unshaken, and the lead would bring a volley to drop him out of saddle. From the vantage of his horse's neck, he saw the first dash by, straight for the little trail for which the girl was making, too.

Then came the officer, in full career; and Evan, quickly wheeling his horse, turned to the right and fired at the flying shadows without—once, twice—as they came into view. Then came a halt, a rush of quick-charged hoofs, and the cries of the trees about him, simultaneously spoke that their career was dashed. Through the snow-muffled woods he saw them crash, he sitting motionless, his hand, his cadillac, his left hand, his feet, his bit.

His horse had told. He had drawn off pursuit from the girl; and even then his trained ear caught the beat of Blazer's hoofs upon the hard road behind. She had gained the trail and a quarter of a mile start. Now for himself; for the foremost federal was within twenty yards of his last unseen foe.

A flash of the heavy pistol, a sound heaved a groan, and a roar, and the Yankee's horse plunged forward to his knees, rolling his rider in the snow.

A touch of the spur, a shake of the bit, and Evan's black-well trained to that kind of work was flashing southward at half-speed, skimming tree-trunks, desperately close, but choosing safety was wholly unguided, while arched eye by spur and voice.

Then came the pursuers, strung out through the woods, like a line of ducks, heavier mounts and ignorance of the way, yet gallantly pressing after the flying enemy—not knowing if he were one or a dozen.

So on and again the carlines rang, more than one chip of bark flying near the scout's head, and one bullet whistling close by his ear. But it was racing him, and the wood was darker than midnight; so Evan shot short and long as he might, before striking out into the woods trail. He was gaining on the federals, too; and fainter beat of hoofs in front, and falter still, told him that Carolyn Clay was past pursuit—was safe at last!

Into the road he dashed; into the road soon strung the pursuit; and with a yell and touch of both spurs the scout gave the black his head and need for freedom.

Then, straight ahead rang out a distant shot—a pistol, his trained ear told Evan; and his heart grew as lead, for he knew the federal had used the carbine. The girl had made some check—was fighting her way through!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HERBIVOROUS FISH.

Carp That Eat Grass and Vegetable Growths.

The manager of the Laguna de Tache Ranch, says San Francisco Call, says the carp which were introduced into the Kings river a few years ago have grown so plentiful that they are thinning out the ducks and almost all other water fowl except the wild geese.

"They grow very large in large numbers," said he, "and are very thick in the irrigating ditches. They seem to eat the grass. They devour the various kinds of small animal life, and though their ducks and geese feed in the deep they eat little to eat."

"I cannot imagine what the United States fish commission was about in sending out such a coarse-fleshed, voracious fish as these were introduced in. They are certainly worse to me than almost any fish we have in California and they are thinning the good fish out."

"Shoals of them are to be found in the water courses. They get out on the banks where there is little water, and there you can see them in. Some of them are very large. Plenty can be seen from a foot to two feet long."

"They eat the natural food of the duck, the grass and grain, and as a consequence all those are getting scarce. We need no more carp, and what we will do with those we have seems to me a great problem. They are breeding fast."

These Zulu women are the architects and builders of their own houses.

## THE VENDETTA IN CORSICA.

A Cross Drawn on a Man's Door Is a Warning of Death.

The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsican who finds it drawn upon his door knows that he must look for no quarter. In the deers forbidding the carrying of arms in certain districts exception is officially made in the case of persons notoriously en état d'implacite.

The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men.

Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. In 1856 one Joseph Antoine injured a girl named Sanfranchi. Thirty years passed, and the story was forgotten, but August 14, 1886, the nephew of Sanfranchi encountered Antoine on perhaps the first occasion he had returned from his house. He shot the man down like a dog.

Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses, built, as all Corsican houses are, like a fortress, and with a view to so for a moment to breathe the fresh air on the threshold a scout goes before and reconnoitres.

In the district of Sartene hands of armed men are sometimes met on the road. It is a man in infinite traveling from one village to another. The vendetta between the Rocchi and the Tafari resulted in the death of eleven persons and the execution of one of the principal criminals.

In this extraordinary case two entire families took to the mumps and waged a guerrilla war upon each other. Each in turn was accused by the pendurante, who had made disgraceful alliance with bandits in order to effect their arrests.

Contrary to custom some of these bandits become brigands. As a rule persons outside their quarrels are never molested by them. They are merely outlaws.

The Rocchi who was guillotined in 1888 (the first execution in many years) boasted that he was only twenty-two and had killed seven persons with his own hand. Confident of replete he continued to regard himself as a hero until the day of his execution.

When all hope was gone he sank into the most dejected state of cowardice, which lasted until the end—National Review.

—What It Was—The Boston girl was looking over an architect's drawing. "What is that?" she inquired. "A plan for the new entrance to a residence."

"Ah," she remarked, "an architect's design!"—Detroit Free Press.

A. M. Phares, Druggist at Asheville, Ind., says: "Hart's Kidney Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimony from every class of persons who take it. Druggists sell it, too."

JEALOUSY.—J. C. Cummins whose portrait is in "Your Neighbor," Mamie "Columbus"—Jewellers Weekly.

A cure for nearly all the common ills—Take Reichen's Pills. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

It is a strange paradox that fast colors and fabrics that will not run.—Boston Transcript.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of the kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its use is recommended by all who know it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitutes.

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## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—A Good Sauce: One tablespoonful of ketchup, three tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of vinegar, one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one-half teaspoon of mixed mustard, one-half teaspoon of salt. Let come to a boil, and pour over game, meat, etc.—Harper's House.

—Ox-Tail Soup: Separate at the joints, cut in thin round slices, cook slowly in water, skim off the fat and add carrots, turnips and onions, cut in small sections; boil half an hour, strain and serve with pieces of the ox-tail in each dish.—Ohio Farmer.

—Canned Salmon: If you prefer it heated, immerse it in a kettle of boiling water until heated through, or put it in the steamer over a kettle of boiling water, open and drain off all the liquid, then remove to a platter, mixing on any skin or poor pieces. Garnish with parsley.—N. Y. Observer.

—Jumbles: Sift three pounds of flour into a large pan. Cut up one pound of butter into one pound of white sugar, and stir them to a cream. Beat five eggs very light, and pour them into the flour; next add the butter and sugar, with a tablespoonful of molasses and cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Mix all together with a broad knife. Having floured your hands and paste-board, make the dough into long rolls of equal size, and form them into rings by joining the two ends together. Lay them on buttered tin, and bake them in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes. When taken from the oven, grate loaf-sugar over them.—Ohio Farmer.

—The usual city house is poorly adapted for a gathering where a paper is to be read, or interest for a similar cause centers in one spot. A clever housewife the other day utilized her parlor. Anne Starnes with good results in this regard. She had lent her house for a reception in aid of a charity at which a prominent woman was to read a paper. When the moment came the reader was discovered seated in a chair on the first landing in the wide hall, where raised three steps above her audience, she could be seen and heard by everybody in the surrounding rooms. A pretty effect was added by grouping the reception committee on the stairs and in a window niche just above her, and thus, countenanced and upheld she gave her paper. This may be a suggestion to others with such means at their disposal.—N. Y. Times.

## DECORATED DISHES.

A Plan for Food That Looks as if to be Eaten.

Ornamentation is not cookery, although if judiciously carried out, it has a right to our attention as an offshoot of the science. The trend now of the day is to forget this, and by yielding to the temptation offered by coloring preparations, to force pipe, etc., to low slight of gravity and infinitely more necessary matters.

We have become the victims of a decorative mania, which is to be deplored. The use of fancy colors without consideration of their suitability for the sake of the prettiness, to tint the maskings used in savory cookery, is hardly preposterous, for how in the natural order of things can a fillet of fish be green or a cutlet of chicken pink.

From old time we have adopted white and brown as the colors of staid and glazings in this branch of the art, and to depart from them is needless and puerile. The practice is, in point of fact, a misapplication of the handicraft peculiar to the confiseur, to whose profession the laying on of patterns and the use of things should be left undisturbed.

We ought not, as is now often the case, to be doubtful whether the dish presented to us is savory or sweet, frozen pieces and fancy confections intended for the buffet or tables at a ball supper or luncheon en fête require perhaps a certain amount of ornament, but even this is now overdone.

By all means let the cook learn to minister to the lust of the eye, and let a dish be made to look as inviting as possible; but let this effect be produced without the application of fictitious coloring, trashy pattern-making and superfluous garnishing.

Simplicity which looks as if it can be eaten is more to be desired than the elaborate "paintings of the lily" and "gilding of fine gold" which occupy such undue attention at the present time.—Nineteenth Century.

## Milinery Notes.

Regarding millinery, colored felts and velvets run an even race for public favor. Very eccentric is a model, Marie Stuart shape, of green velvet with green-and-gold spiders round the brim, and two little peacock feather tufts in black standing up directly in front. Fur is again used by the milliner for trimming both hats and bonnets. Nearly all the deep-hued felt hats are trimmed with black, and black and tan is still a much-admired combination. Striking altitudes appear among the hats of the French creations, pink felt, for instance, being trimmed with golden olive velvet and feathers, pale yellow felts with rose color, brown hats with lemon or orange velvet and quills, etc., and the same combinations appear upon evening bonnets and toques of velvet and lace with short plumes and algebras or garniture.—N. Y. Post.

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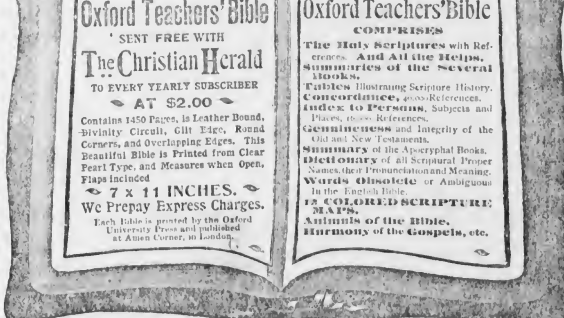
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